

PERUNA PRAISED.



MRS. ESTHER M. MILNER.

Box 821, DeGraff, Ohio.

Dear Sir:

I was a terrible sufferer from pelvic weakness and had headache continuously. I was not able to do my housework for myself and husband.

Very few of the great multitude of women who have been relieved of some pelvic disease or weakness by Peruna ever consent to give a testimonial to be read by the public.

A GRATEFUL LETTER TO DR. HARTMAN

Benjamin Hobbs of Springfield, Mass., is the oldest active armorer in America.

Wanted—Women in each town to sell extracts, toilet articles, massage cream, etc.

A Wise Cat. A true cat story is told by a correspondent of the Hartford Courant.

Her fingers together and bending them backward as if to restore the circulation after her cold walk.

There is something, said Grace, after a little pause, during which Miss Winter had continued to rub a remarkably rosy little pair of hands together.

But in a moment they entered the drawing room ear, and their wonder vanished.

Of course, it's the good taste of the decorations!" they whispered, and, remembering their manners, pretended not to notice—Puck.

There Are Others. "Say, Harker, I heard you telling your wife the other morning that you were going fishing."

"Sure, old chap. And I bagged some of the finest trout you ever saw."

"Bogged? How improper! The expression 'bogged' belongs to hunters."

"But it fits my case exactly. You see I didn't catch anything with my lines, so on my way home I bought a string of fish and put them in a paper bag."

Venus always wears the lover whose she leads.—Dalaouche.

THE WAY OUT.

Change of Food Brought Success and Happiness.

An ambitious but delicate girl, after falling to go through school on account of nervousness and hysteria, found in Grape-Nuts the only thing that seemed to build her up and furnish her the peace of health.

"From infancy," she says, "I have not been strong. Being ambitious to learn at any cost I finally got to the High School, but soon had to abandon my studies on account of nervous prostration and hysteria."

"My food did not agree with me, I grew thin and despondent. I could not enjoy the simplest social affair, for I suffered constantly from nervousness in spite of all sorts of medicines."

"This wretched condition continued until I was twenty-five, when I became interested in the letters of those who had cases like mine and who were being cured by eating Grape-Nuts."

"I had little faith but procured a box and after the first dish I experienced a peculiar satisfied feeling that I had never gained from any ordinary food. I slept and rested better that night and in a few days began to grow stronger."

"I had a new feeling of peace and restfulness. In a few weeks, to my great joy, the headaches and nervousness left me and life became bright and hopeful. I resumed my studies and later taught ten months with ease—of course using Grape-Nuts every day. It is now four years since I began to use Grape-Nuts. I am the mistress of a happy home and the old weakness has never returned." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a narrow road," reads the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in page

Prisoners and Captives

By H. S. MERRIMAN

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

"My dear Oswald—if you want to carry out this theater party come and see me about it. I shall be at home all the morning. Yours very truly,

"AGNES WINTER."

The young sailor read this letter among others at the breakfast table. His father and sister were engaged on their own affairs—Helen with her letters, the admiral among his newspapers.

Grace read the letter twice, and then slipped it into his pocket together with the envelope that contained it.

Miss Winter's elderly maid servant expected Miss Winter, for she opened the door and stood back invitingly. He was ushered up into the warm, luxurious drawing room, and after the door had been closed, stood for a few moments in the middle of the deep carpet.

Presently he began to wander about the room, taking things up and setting them down again. He inhaled the subtle atmosphere of feminine home refinement and looked curiously around him. There were a hundred little personalities, little inconsiderable feminine trifles that are only found where a woman is quite at home.

There was a little lace handkerchief utterly useless and vain, lying upon a table beside a work basket. He took it up, examined its texture critically, and then instinctively raised it to his face.

He threw it down again with a peculiar twisted smile.

"What has never come across it—anywhere else."

He went toward the mantelpiece; upon it were two portraits—old photographs, somewhat faded. One of Helen, the other of himself. He examined his own likeness for some moments.

"Solomon little began," he said, for the photograph was of a little square-built middleman with a long, oval face.

"Solomon little began; wonder what the end will be? Wonder why he is on this mantelpiece? I think that he is rather a fool to come here. Tyars would not like it."

While he was still following out the train of thought suggested by this reflection the door opened and Miss Winter entered. She had evidently just come in, for she was still gloved and furred.

"Ah!" she said, gayly, "you have come. I was afraid that your exacting commander would require your services all the morning."

"My exacting commander," he answered, as he took her gloved hand in his, "has a peculiar way of doing everything himself and leaving his subordinates idle."

She was standing before him, slowly unbuttoning her trim little sealskin jacket.

"What," she said, suddenly, "about the expedition?"

He looked back at her over his shoulder, for he had gone toward the window, and there was a sudden gleam of determination in his eyes. It was her resolution that had disturbed Tyars' resolution.

"What expedition?" he asked curiously, on his guard.

"This theater expedition," she replied sweetly.

"Oh, well, I suppose it will be carried through. We all want to go. I suppose you are not strongly opposed to it?"

"I?" she laughed lightly; "of course I want to go. You know that I am always ready for amusement, profitless or otherwise—profitless preferred. Why do you look so grave, Oswald? Please don't look so solemnly. Do you know you have got terribly grave lately? It is—"

"It is what, Agnes?"

He was looking down at her with his keen, close-set gray eyes, and she met his glance for a moment only.

"Mr. Tyars," she answered, clasping her fingers together and bending them backward as if to restore the circulation after her cold walk.

"There is something," said Grace, after a little pause, during which Miss Winter had continued to rub a remarkably rosy little pair of hands together, "that jars. Tyars annoys you in some way. Why?"

Miss Winter changed color. She looked very girlish with the hot blush fading slowly from her cheeks. She did not, however, make any answer.

"Won't you tell me, Agnes?" he urged; and as she spoke he walked away from her and stood looking out of the window.

They were thus at opposite sides of the room, back to back. She glanced over her shoulder, drew a deep breath, and then spoke with an odd little smile which was almost painful.

"He's Arctic expedition," she said, deliberately. "If he is going to spend his little party of hands together, rather than cultivate his friendship."

She leaned forward, warming her hands feverishly, breathing rapidly and unweary. She felt him approach, for his footsteps were inaudible on the thick carpet, and she only crossed a little lower. At last, after a horrid silence, he spoke, and his voice was deeper and singularly monotonous.

the waistcoat. His coat was embellished by an orchid.

"I am afraid," he began at once, with perfect equanimity, "that I have made a mistake—a social blunder. I came to inform you that I have secured a box—the stage box—for Wednesday night, at the Epic Theater. It will be doing me a pleasure if you will form one of my party. I do not know exactly how these things are managed in England, but I want Miss Grace and her brother to come as my guests. You, Miss Grace was kind enough to ask me to be one of a theater party, and mentioned the Epic, so I went right away and got a box."

"Oswald has just gone to procure seats for the same night," said Miss Winter, quickly.

"No," replied the American, "I stopped him. I met him in the street."

Miss Winter knew that they must have met actually on her doorstep, and she wondered why he should have deliberately made a misstatement. She felt indefinitely guilty, as if Oswald's visit had been surreptitious. Suddenly she became aware of the quick, fitting glance of her companion's eyes, noting everything—the tiny flicker of the eyelids, each indrawn breath, each slightest movement.

"How am I to do it?" he asked, innocently. "A note to Miss Grace or a verbal invitation to her brother?"

"A note," replied Miss Winter, with gravity equal to his own, "to Helen, saying that you have secured the stage box for Wednesday evening, and hope that she and her brother will accept seats in it."

He nodded his head, signifying comprehension, and rose to go.

"That," said Miss Winter, skipping away from the subject under discussion with all the inconsequence of her sex and kind, "reminds me of something I heard said of you the other evening. It was, in fact, said to me."

"Then," replied the American, with cheery gallantry, "I should like to hear it. Had it been said to any one else I allow that I should have been indifferent."

He stood with his hands clasped behind his back, looking down at her with a smile upon his wife's little face.

"Do you know Mr. Santow?"

The smile vanished and the dancing eyes at once assumed an expression of alert keenness, which was almost ludicrous in its contrast.

"The Russian attaché—unaccredited?" he replied, giving back the question for question. "No," he said, slowly, "I do not; I think I know him by sight."

"I have met him on several occasions. I rather like him, although I cannot understand him. There is an inward Mr. Santow whom I have not met yet; I only know a creature who smiles and behaves generally like a bear."

"Santow," said Easton, deliberately, "is altogether too glib."

Miss Winter countered sharply. "I thought you did not know him?"

"I do not," answered Easton, imperiously. "Except by reputation?"

"Precisely,"

"He is reputed," said Miss Winter, "to be a great diplomat."

"So I believe—hence the lamblike manners."

Easton's face was a study in the art of suppressing curiosity.

"Do you think that he is a wolf in lamb's clothing?" asked the lady with a laugh. "I will tell you what he said about you."

"Thank you."

"We were talking about Russia—it is his favorite topic—and he said that at times he felt like the envoy from some heathen country, so little is Russia known by us. By way of illustration, he asked me to look around the room and tell him if it did not contain all that was most intellectual and learned in England. I admitted that he was right. He said, 'And yet there are but two men in the room who speak Russian.' Then he pointed you out. 'There is one,' he said; 'he knows my country better than any man in England. If he were a diplomatist I should fear him.' 'What is he?' I asked, and he merely shrugged his shoulders in that glibless way to which you object."

Matthew Mark Easton did not appear to be much impressed. He moved from one foot to the other, and took considerable interest in the pattern of the carpet.

"And," he inquired, "did he mention the name of the second accomplished person?"

"No."

"I wonder what it was?" said Easton. "Mr. Tyars," suggested the lady, "possibly. By the way, I thought of asking him to join us on Wednesday at the Epic."

"I hope," said Miss Winter, with a gracious little bow, "that he will be able to come."

"Dear Miss Grace," began Easton, solemnly, "repeating a lesson, I have secured the stage box at the Epic for Wednesday evening next, and I hope that you and your brother will do me the pleasure of accepting seats in it." Will that do?"

"Very nicely."

"And may I count on you?"

"Yes, you may count on me."

"Thank you," he said simply, and took his departure.

As he walked rapidly eastward toward the club where he was expecting to meet Tyars his quaint little face was wrinkled up into a thousand interrogations.

"Yes," he said, "it is a warning, a knowledge, it is a warning, that Tyars speaks Russian? He is not the sort of fellow to boast of his accomplishments. She must have heard it from Grace, and to hear from him she must have asked, because Grace is more than half inclined to be jealous of Tyars, and would take care not to remove the bushel from his light."

For some time he walked on, whistling a tune softly. Cheerfulness is only a habit. He did not really feel cheerful, particularly inclined for music. Then he began whistling in a undertone again.

"Here I am," he said, "in a terrible fright of two women; all my schemes may be upset by either of them, and I do not know which to fear most—Oswald, clever little lady with her sharp wits, or that girl's eyes. I almost think Miss Grace's eyes are the most dangerous. I feel sure they would be if it was my own eyes. If it was me whom those quiet eyes followed about. But it is not; it is Tyars. Now, I wonder—I wonder if he knows it?"

CHAPTER XIX.

Had the wise-witted Easton been asked why he felt impelled to discuss the guineas for the benefit of the lessee of the Epic Theater, he would scarcely have been able to make an immediate reply. In his rapid, airy fashion he had picked up and pieced together certain little bits of evidence leading to prove that the young people with whom he found himself on

somehow sudden terms of intimacy were exceedingly interesting.

Matthew Mark Easton was leisurely surveying the half-empty house when Miss Winter, Helen, Tyars and Oswald were shown into the box by an official. His quick glance detected a momentary droop of Helen's eyelids. A blushing man would have made some reference to Tyars' lateness of arrival, Easton did not do such a thing. He proceeded to draw forward chairs for the ladies, and did the honors with a certain calm ease which in no way savored of familiarity.

"I should like," said Miss Winter, untying the ribbon of a jaunty little opera cloak, "the darkest corner."

"Why?" asked Helen, almost sharply. "Because the piece is said to be very touching, and I invariably weep."

"Sorry," said Easton; "sorry it cannot be done. But I can lend you a huge pair of opera glasses."

"But," urged Miss Winter, "my tears drop—abundantly on the program."

"We want the dark corners for the men—background," urged the American, holding a chair for Easton. "We love the shadow—eh, Grace?"

"Speak for yourself," said the sailor, bluntly, pulling forward a second chair and seating himself immediately behind Miss Winter.

One great fault in Matthew Mark Easton was soft-heartedness. He was one of those mistaken men who hesitate to punish a dog.

"It appears," continued Easton as Tyars entered the box, "that the piece is touching. You shall require your moral support; that calm exterior of yours will, I surmise, assist us materially to keep a serene countenance turned toward the stalls."

"Don't be personal," replied the Englishman. "You may rely upon me at the pathetic parts. It is some years since I wept."

"The last time I did it," said the American, thoughtfully, "was when I got my ears boxed because another fellow broke a window."

Helen and Miss Winter laughed. They all felt that there was a hitch somewhere. They were conversationally lame and halt.

"We both told untruths about it," continued Easton, determined to work this mine to its deepest. "But mine failed, while his succeeded. That was why I wept. Mine was not an artistic lie, I admit; but it might have got through with a little good luck. There is nothing so humiliating as an unsuccessful attempt to pervert the truth. Have you not found that so, Miss Winter? But of course you would not know. I apologize; I am sorry. Of course you never tell them."

"Oh, yes," said the lady, candidly, "I do."

At this moment the curtain was drawn up, and Miss Winter broke off suddenly in the midst of her confession, turning toward the stage and settling herself comfortably to watch the play. In so doing she unconsciously drew her chair a little further away from Helen, and thus left her and Claud Tyars more distinctly apart.

(To be continued.)

TOLD BY THE ALMANAC.

Some Queer Statistical Facts Pointed Out by the Compiler.

For variety of information it is hard to find anything that can beat an almanac, says the New York Press.

One popular little pamphlet of that description that is just now circulating among New York drug stores illustrates the wide sympathies of the man who arranges the table of events.

Like most persons engaged in statistical tasks, that particular compiler had a strong leaning toward mortuary records. Out of all the days of the year 122 are marked by the death of some prominent person. According to the almanac, those unfortunate met their doom in almost every way known to the modern health expert.

Aside from those who yielded up the ghost in a natural way, three of them "suicided"; four were hanged, two were guillotined, three were "assassinated," one was "murdered," two were shot, doughy old Capt. Kidd was "executed," while one man just passed out of existence by getting "lost."

After the obituary notices births are next in importance, although in the opinion of the almanac man the replenishing of the earth is a trivial matter compared with its depopulation. At any rate, only thirty-nine days are impressed upon the mind as natal anniversaries.

As for marriages, they scarcely count at all. Of all the people who have entered into the state of matrimony since the beginning of the Christian era only three of them made sufficient ado about the matter to get into the almanac. They are Anne Boleyn, Napoleon Bonaparte and Charles Stewart Parnell.

The great battles of the world receive discriminating attention from the almanac historiographer, as do fires, famous speeches, the crowning of sovereign heads and industrial strikes. He marks the latest judicial drama being the case of Nan Patterson, who has gone down in almanac history along with the Tichborne trial and the impeachment of Warren Hastings.

In the almanac of 1906 education and religion receive their due, the former in a notice of the publication of Joimmon's dictionary, the latter in the revision of the Presbyterian creed. As to the relative value of the stage and the pulpit, the almanac writer evidently has pronounced opinions. In his argument the drama gets the best of it, at the odds of two to one, for he do votes eight pages to theatrical celebrities and only four to pulpit orators.

Lovers of sports will find something to tickle their vanity in the record of the Paris automobile race of 1903, the Consett-Jarvis prize fight, and the performance of the Boston baseball team which won the pennant in 1907.

Unfortunately, the almanac scribe is doomed to anonymity, but it is safe to say that he hails from Ohio. At any rate, that is the only State whose name appears in the almanac.

Among detached persons and events that help make the lovely almanac a book of pleasure and instruction should be mentioned the baccarat scandal, the "revelation" of the Charter Oak, the "revelation" of New York by Alexander Drexel, the attack on Russell Saxe, a "revelation" to Mme. Blavatsky, the conviction of Sam Parks and the death of Nero, which, by the way, is the earliest date recorded in the whole chronological table.

A healthy red fellow, who is not a fool, is the happiest creature living—Sax.

BEAN HARVESTING.

Cutting by Machinery—Storing in Barns and Thrashing.

Formerly beans were pulled by hand, but now the work is done almost exclusively by machinery in the main districts. The bean harvester or cutter shown here is a two-wheeled machine, having two long steel blades so adjusted that as the machine passes over the ground they sweep along just at or below the surface and cut the bean stalks or pull them up. The blades are set obliquely, sloping backward toward one another and left in a single row. Soon after the beans are pulled men pass along with forks, throwing them into small bunches.

After drying perhaps for one day the bunches are turned and so moved that three rows, as left by the puller, are made into one, leaving space between the rows to drive through with a wagon. If drying weather prevails they will become fit for drawing and storing in the barns without further turning, but if the weather is unfavorable the bunches must be frequently

turned to prevent the beans in those pods resting on the ground from becoming damaged.

To the foregoing in American Agriculturist Professor J. L. Stone adds that we weather does not injure the crop seriously provided the beans are not allowed to rest on the wet ground long at a time, but the frequent turning necessary to prevent them from injury involves considerable labor.

When dried they are stored in barns like hay and may be thrashed at convenience. The thrashing is done by specially constructed machines much like the ordinary grain thrasher. Some growers prefer to thrash with the old-fashioned flail, claiming that the saving in beans that otherwise would be split compensates for the slower work.



BEAN HARVESTER.

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him to his own set, he put in operation with the Hindoo and the Brahman university men. As in America, the college men enlisted and trained in the Y. M. C. A. influenced their fellows; the railroad men, the engineers and brakemen they worked with; the soldier, the soldier; the sailor, the sailor; the miner, the miner; so he made men work to better each other and make them Christians in India.

A few years ago he asked the president of a theological seminary to give him his entire class of twelve theological students, native Pasumallians, to try an experiment with for one year. With these native students he went from village to village, talking with groups of men and holding services—"witnessing," they called it. Their converts were numbered by the hundreds and they left in each place some men who were fired with their leader's own enthusiasm to keep at work on the same plan. The students were passionately devoted to him. He was a most sympathetic and tolerant man, but he had no tolerance or sympathy for anything crooked or unclean. He has injected American energy into Indian intelligence.

With Carter, the National Y. M. C. A. secretary for India, who was sent out from Harvard, he called representatives from each province of India, Burma and Ceylon, to meet in Carey's historical library in Serampore, to set up a scheme to do for over 100,000,000 people who as yet are not reached by the gospel what this native band of theologians had done for a few. It is a stupendous enterprise. It will unite the Christians and churches of the provinces and the leading missionaries are backing it, the veteran mission leader, Dr. Chamberlain, being one of its strongest advocates.

They Draw Fountains Pay Well. It would be hard to imagine a live up-to-date American drug store these days without a good soda fountain, but probably there are many cities in the world where this luxury is not found. Retail druggists who have never installed soda fountains would do well to consider their money-making possibilities, however, and it would be strange if any good druggist in a town of any size, whether north or south of the equator or in the Eastern or Western Hemisphere, could not make a good soda fountain a profitable enterprise.

The soda fountain itself need not be an expensive affair, but on the other hand fountains can be obtained which cost many hundreds of dollars and which it would take many months of business to pay for. The old idea that soda fountains were profitable only during a few months of the year no longer prevails in this country. This is proved by the experience of a New York drug store which in one evening early in the spring accommodated 800 customers within four hours. There are few American drug stores or confectionery shops which do not operate their fountains through the entire twelve months. It is not necessarily true, moreover, that people patronize soda fountains simply for the purpose of quenching their thirst. The large variety of "liquid foods," such as egg drinks, malted milk, fermented milk, etc., provide the busy man with the opportunity to "steal a bite" hurriedly at any time of the day, speaking figuratively at least, if not literally.

Another variety of soda drinker is the business woman who prefers a luncheon in the form of a cool-liquid drink rather than the stereotyped styles of pastry usually found in the restaurant. In the winter time the demand is for hot drinks, such as chocolate, coffee